

Choice Miscellany.

THE HEART OF A MAN.

It's a very good thing to have millions.
An rank's no' a thing to dispise,
But stiller's eye hard to tak' care of,
It is naught but a man's own pride.
Or what is the heart of a man?
But what has ye done for yer brethren,
An hae ye the heart of a man?

Altho' ye'll marry wi' a duche,
An she may be guid as the lave—
There's naught in rank or in riches
To mak' a true freeman a slave.
But, mind ye, there's muckle expected
Frae one who wad keep the van;
See never let pride rin awa' wi'!

The heart of a man?

Ye may gang to kirk, like yer neebors,
An put a big dale in the plate,
Ye may write out a check for hundreds
When "charity" raps at yer gate.
But there's one who looks at the inside—
Who kens a' the bent's o' yer plan.
His gauge is the heart of a man.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE SOUL'S SONG.

A captive in restricted cell confined,
My spirit soars in rank or in riches
And sings when it sees the mystic stars
And when soft moonbeams, kind, assail his
Altho' my cloistered soul has been divided,
When cooling anthers herald day in east,
And bird thrushes answer morn from tree and
To deplore song my soul does not incline
And long at morn to assist as priest,
Alas, I may not join the vocal feast!

Rich clustered jewels pass my thought in train,
Which lose their order ere they reach my
Only their shadowed form by me is sung.
Conceived in pleasure, told, alas, in pain,
As some wild bird is captured, but when slain!

Not away in a prison wall of clay
Shall I my poor restricted soul deplore;
Beyond the path of earthly clouds explore,
When sunset leaves ajar its dawn door,
I'll sing, unfettered, at the open door.
—Arthur Howard Hall.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, the green wood, the wet
wood, the light wood,
Love and I went making a thousand lives
ago.
Shafts of golden sunlight had made a golden
bright wood.
In my heart reflected, because I loved you so.

Through the wood, the chill wood, the brown
wood, the light wood,
I alone went lonely no later than last year.
What had thinned the branches and wrecked
my dear and fair wood,
Killed the pale wild roses and left the rose
thorns bare?

Through the wood, the dead wood, the sad
wood, the lone wood,
Winds of winter shiver lichen old and gray.
You ride past, forgetting the wood that was
my own wood,
All our own, and withered as ever a flower
of May.
—New York Tribune.

A NAME.

At first a glimmer, wavering and pale,
Pierced here and there a cloud's overhanging
veil.

And then at length a great, full and bright,
Broke forth and cast its radiance on the vast.
—Catherine Young Glen in Century.

CHURCHES OF GRANADA.

They are at once magnificent and beggarly,
Solemn and gay.
It was in its churches that I thought
Granada at once most magnificent and
beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know
nothing in France or Italy to compare
with the effect of the cathedral when
the sun steeped the streets with light,
the leather curtain was lifted and we were
suddenly in darkness as of night, a
great altar looming dimly in far shadows,
vague, motionless figures prostrate
before it. Their silent fervor in the
strange, scented dusk gave a clew to
the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius.
But it was well to turn back quickly
into matter of fact daylight. To linger
was to be reminded that the mystery has its
price, solemnity its tardiness. In cathedral
and capilla real if we ventured to
look at the royal tombs at the grille—
which even in Spain is without equal—
at the retables, with their wealth of ornament,
one scariest after another kept
close at our heels, impatiently expectant.

If in unknown little church our eyes
grew accustomed to darkness, it was
that they might be offended with Virgins
gleaming in silks and jewels, with
Christa clothed in petticoats. And if we
did once visit the Cartuja it satisfied
our curiosity where other show churches
were concerned. The word Cartuja hung
upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel
Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly
with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly,
as if in love with its gasping gutturals.
We never sat down to a meal that
some one did not urge us to the enjoyment
of its wonders. At last in self defense
we went. The Cartuja's architecture
struck us as elaborate, its decoration
as abandoned as the gush that had
sent us to it. It had not even the amusing
gaucherie of the Alhambra's, but was
pretensions and florid in a dull,
vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded
cafes or popular restaurants. But to this
visit my record owes a place, since
it was our one concession to the guide-
book's commands. It pleased us better
to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance
in the kindly twilight of
churches the names of which we never
troubled to ask.—Elizabeth R. Pennell
in Century.

Where the Walters Ask No Odds.
Common as the practice of tipping is
becoming in this city, there must still
be restaurants in which tips are neither
given nor expected, and among these
must be some, at least, of the best and
best places in the neighborhood of Park
row. I have not been so familiar with
these places in recent years as I used to
be years ago, before they had grown so
large and when coffee and cakes furnished
the chief staple of the food provided.
In those days I am quite sure that
nobody ever thought of tipping the
waiters, and I believe that the same
practice prevails in them now. It might
be that a waiter would take a tip from
some old customer with whom he was
on friendly terms, but I doubt if he
would take one from a casual guest. I
think if such a guest should put a tip
on the table the waiter would wipe it
off with the cloth with which he never
troubled to ask.—Elizabeth R. Pennell
in Century.

Potatoes.
Have you ever tried cooking potatoes
in lard like doughnuts? Select the
smaller potatoes and peel and drop them
into boiling fat. They will come to the
surface when they are cooked and
should be drained on brown paper. The
potatoes may be rolled in beaten eggs
and bread crumbs before cooking them
if desired.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

Scene at Hatcher's Creek and Petersburg
Recalled—John B. Seace Speaks to a
Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped with a
Wound, but Like Other Veterans,
Has Suffered Since—A Story that Reads
Like a Page from History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal.
When one encounters in print the life
story of some scarred veteran of the civil
war, a feeling of admiration and sympathy
is the certain result. Accustomed
throughout our lives to tales of heroism
and suffering in every day life, there is something
peculiarly attractive about these old war
records, serving, as they do, as a
sacred passport to the heart of every
true American. Thousands found their
rest on the field of carnage or in the hospital,
but their comrades, when the struggle
was over and the victory won, returned
to their homes and began anew the
battle of life.

John B. Seace, the widely known contractor
and building owner of Albany, N. Y., has
an unusually interesting story to tell of his
war experiences, which he related recently
at his home, No. 15 Bradford Street, told
of his many experiences and adventures
while serving under the old flag in the late war.
Although having endured all the hardships
and privations of the war, he is now a
well-to-do man, and his life is a fine example
of the triumph of the human spirit over adversity.

Mr. Seace is a member of Berkshire
Lodge, No. 52, I. O. F. He enlisted in the
army in 1862, in Company A, Forty-ninth
Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, serving
under Col. W. F. Bartlett, First Brigade,
First Division, Nineteenth Corps, with
which he participated in some of the hottest
battles of the war, including Port Hudson,
Donaldsonville and Plain Store, where he was
wounded.

After his honorable discharge, June 4,
1865, Mr. Seace returned to Albany and
settled down once again to his business.
He has since been a successful contractor,
and his life has been a fine example of the
triumph of the human spirit over adversity.
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BY A NARROW MARGIN.

HOW A MAN'S LIFE WAS SAVED BY A
MARKED \$10 BILL.

Accused of Murdering a Neighbor, and
the Circumstantial Evidence Was Very
Strong—A Government Official Tells Why
He Changed His Ways.

"Were you ever suspected of murder?"
inquired a government official of a
Star reporter.
"Never," responded the reporter as
calmly as if questions of that pleasing
character were his daily food.
"Well, I was once, and if you have
any feelings at all you need never want to be."

The reporter nodded for the official to
proceed, and the official proceeded.
"When I was 20 or thereabout," he
said, "I was a hard case. I don't know
why, because my family were decent
people and had some money, but somehow
I flew the track, and before I had
attained my majority I was a gambler,
a drunkard and generally a tough character,
though up to the time I am about
to tell of I had never been in the hands
of the law. Living in my neighborhood
was a man whom I hadn't much use
for, and it was known we were not
friends, though we were on speaking
terms and had some business relations.
Our town was about three miles from
the railroad station, and one November
evening, just about sunset, as I was
coming to town about I met him walking
to the station.

"He stopped me, much to my surprise,
and asked me if I had any money,
because if I had he would sell me his
watch for almost nothing, as he was
going to the city unexpectedly and
needed cash. As it happened, I had two
\$10 bills and three \$5, which I had received
from the station agent not an hour
before, and as the man's watch was a
good gold one I thought I had a
chance to turn a honest penny, something
I didn't do very often. So I opened
negotiations. Several persons we knew
passed us as we were dickering, and at
last I went on home with the watch, and
he went to the station with \$25, including
a \$10 bill with the station agent's name
on it in red ink, which he had caused
a part of our delay in the trade, as he didn't want it, and I insisted
that he take it.

"As it turned out, I had a reason
for not wanting it, and I can't say why
I was so anxious for him to take it.
Well, next day the man's dead body
was found in the woods quite near the
station and a mile from where we had
met and made our trade, and it was
evident that he had been robbed, for his
pockets were turned inside out and everything
else in store for me, and I was
the only person who had been in the
neighborhood at the time.

"I was so badly rattled by the shock
of the arrest on such a charge that
I made my case worse by talking, and
when the man's watch was found on
me and it was known that I had been
treating the crowd the night of the
murder, I hadn't any show at all."
"Of course I protested my innocence
and told my story, but people took it
with little grace, for my character was
known, and after an examining trial I
was jailed without bail. What I suffered
nobody except myself can know, and
before a week had passed I had made
up my mind to commit suicide and end
the whole thing. I am sure I would
have done so, but providence had something
else in store for me, and I was
it by a stranger. This man was arrested
as drunk and disorderly ten days after
my arrest, and when he was searched
in the station house a \$10 bill was found
on him bearing the station agent's name.

"The officer who searched him was a
friend of mine, and as soon as he got
his hands on the bill he thought he had
found a way out of my difficulties and
went after my lawyer. Then they saw
the station agent, and he identified the
bill as the only one he had ever put his
name on, and remembered that I had
jokingly asked him to do it to make a
few inquiries of the stranger as to how
he came into possession of the money.
This was done by waiting until next
morning, when he was sober, and charging
him directly with murder. It was so
sudden that he weakened on the spot, and
was a murderer will, and the result
was that I was saved. Saved in more
senses than one, too," concluded the
official "for from that very day I lived
a new life, and thank God, I have
never fallen into evil ways again, and
that was 30 years ago."

"How do you explain your notion to
have the station agent's signature on the
bill, and your insisting on the man
taking it?" inquired the writer.
"God moves in a mysterious way his
wonders to perform," was the reverent
reply.
"And the man who did not want to
take the marked bill?"
"He was running away from justice.
He had spent every dollar of a fund
belonging to an orphan, and had been
called to an accounting."—Washington Star.

Earl Gray, who succeeds Dr. Jim as
administrator of Rhodesia, is a tall,
good looking man of 45. He was the
nephew of the late earl and succeeded
to the title less than two years ago. He
is a quiet, reserved man, but is reputed
to be possessed of considerable ability
as a business man. He has lived an
adventurous life and has traveled a
good deal in South Africa. His wife,
who was a Miss Holford, has also seen
something of South African life.—London
Tit-Bits.

Eggs in the Arts.
Calico print works use 40,000,000
dozen eggs per year, view clarifiers use
10,000,000 dozen, photographers and
other industries use many millions, and
these demands increase more rapidly
than table demands.—Germantown Telegraph.

Little Gladys—Granny, go down on
our hands and knees for a minute, please.
Found Grandmother—What am I to
do that for, my pet?
Gladys—'Cause I want to draw an
elephant.—Philadelphia Times.

Beecham's pills for constipation
10¢ and 25¢. Get the
book at your druggist's and
go by it.
Annual sales more than 4,000,000 boxes.



CUBA'S WOMAN COLONEL.

Commands a Regiment of Insurgents
While Her Husband Fights For Spain.
Near the town of Vuelta Abajo, in
the province of Matanzas, in Cuba,
Adele Astiz de Piliro lives on the estate
that has been the heritage of her
family for a number of generations.
Two years ago she lived a prosaic
enough life as the wife of a colonel in
the Spanish army. Now she bears the
title of colonel herself; but, while her
husband leads a flying column of royal-



COLONEL ADELE PILIRO.

ist soldiers, Senora Piliro commands a
regiment of 200 men who are fighting
in the army of the Cuban republic.
Husband and wife are operating in
the same district. They are likely at
any time to face each other as enemies
at the heads of their respective commands.
Senora Piliro is the only woman
fighting for Cuban liberty who holds a
commission as an officer. The honor
was conferred upon her by Commander
in Chief Gomez because she organized
and equipped the troop which she commands.

The Spanish colonel, her husband,
has known for years of her separate
ideas, but that never disturbed their
loving relations in private life.
The Piliro estate is famed for its
mineral springs. There are caves all
over the property, in which the patriots
secreted arms and munitions of war
in preparation for the uprising that resulted
in the present war.

Senora Piliro has not engaged in a
battle, but she has managed to keep the
district to which she is assigned free
of Spanish troops.—Boston Globe.

The Barefoot Boy.
"May I go barefooted, mamma?"
This has been the cry of the small boy—
yes, and the girl, too—for several weeks
before her wedding day she posed to
Miss Frances Benjamin Johnson for a
series of portraits. She wore the different
gowns of her trousseau, including the
wedding gown, and several of the
pictures represent her veiled in the
bridal tulle. It was eminently sensible,
of course, and all that, but there are very
few brides who would dare do it.—
Washington Post.

Naturally, perhaps, the English papers
declare that the czarina is the most
beautiful sovereign in Europe. A writer
in The Sketch says: "A friend in
Russia, from whom I have heard this
week, tells me that as she passed
through the streets, sitting alone in her
lovely state carriage surrounded by
gorgeously arrayed guards, she looked,
in her dazzling, shimmering robes, like
a fairy princess. The peasants positively
fell down, muttering prayers as she
passed, and I hear that a low murmur
of admiration even escaped from the royal
and diplomatic onlookers as the lovely
young empress stood forth to receive her
crown. The queen is delighted at the
impression her beloved granddaughter
has made upon her Russian subjects
as well as upon those present at the
coronation."

A Woman's Good Suggestion.
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore writes in
The Business Folio of Boston:
I am especially interested in a "Rational
Celebration of July Fourth." If
such a celebration could be devised and
undertaken by a large company of women
of character, drawn from the existing
organizations of women, with addresses,
appropriate music and the reading of
the Declaration of Independence, with
an entire omission of gun-
powder, guns, swords, drums and all
sorts of military paraphernalia, all
done in the highest style of woman's
work, and if it could be persisted in for
a few years, it would radically affect
our present insane way of getting
through the day and start us on a
celebration that would affect the thought
and practice of the nation.

The Icebox.
In arranging for the supply of ice it
is better to have the box filled to its
utmost twice or three times a week rather
than make purchases every day. When
the box is thoroughly chilled, it keeps
not only the meat and vegetables, but
the ice itself. Put in 150 pounds if possible,
and on the morning of the fourth day
it will be found that a piece will
still remain. Another caution is to open
the part where the ice is kept as rarely
as possible. The cold chamber is the
place to put everything, even bottles
of water and butter. The gust of heated
air that strikes directly upon the ice
when the refrigerator door is opened is
the deadly enemy to make it disappear.
—New York Times.

Legislation For Women.
A law recently enacted in New York
provides that 60 hours a week shall be
the maximum of work for women and
children, that chairs shall be provided
for women clerks, and that all places
where women and children are employed
shall be subject to sanitary inspection.
An Attractive Innovation.
An attractive feature of the Women's
clubs' recent convention at Louisville
was the corps of ushers and pages. The
pages were small girls of from 10 to 14
years, and were dressed in white, with
narrow bands, older young women
similarly attired officiating as ushers.

Much in Little
Is especially true of Hood's Pills, no medicine
ever contained so great curative power in
so small space. They are a whole medicine
in a pill.

A Dove Colored Gown.

A very dainty dress that comes from
Paris is of the soft gray blue that you
see on a ringdove's neck. The bodice is
slit up twice in front, and from either
slit emerges a fanlike plaiting of deep
laid, which hangs loose to below the
waist. Above these slits the bodice is
fastened together on either side by two
enamel buttons. The folded collar is of
cerise velvet, and the usual inside frill
of cream lace falls over it, forming a
pretty frill-like expansion below each
arm. The sleeve, very full above and
light below the elbow, expands in a sort
of sheath over the hand, and this sheath
is slit up in front to show an inside
plaiting of black chiffon. The soft belt
of cerise velvet matches the collar, and
the toque of soft gray straw, ruffled
with bluish gray tulle, has an erect
panache, just over the right eye, of
black ostrich feathers. Anemones, prim-
roses and tuberoses are the favorite mil-
linery flowers in Paris.—St. James Gazette.

A Dainty Dressing Table.

A dressing table covered with crape
paper is a great addition to summer col-
tages, making the chambers look dainty
and attractive. One may be easily made
at home. Get a carpenter to make plain
pine tables in kidney shape, half circles
or oblong, sufficiently large for all the
appointments of the toilet, and cover the
top with cotton flannel or something
equally thick. Tack a piece of cloth
around the edge deep enough to come
down half way to the floor. Sew to this
a flounce of the crape paper that will
reach the floor. Cover the cotton flannel
with the paper and sew another flounce
of paper around the edge of the table,
allowing a little heading to stand up
and having it deep enough to overlap
the lower flounce. The frame of the
looking glass may be covered with the
paper, and both table and glass require
a liberal number of bows made of the
paper and placed at every corner.—New
York Sun.

She Is Not Superstitious.

The superstitions that encompass and
harness a bride are so many and for the
most part so utterly foolish that it is a
positive delight to find a bride who ab-
solutely ignores some of the time worn
beliefs. Everybody knows that it is the
worst of luck for a bride to wear her
wedding gown before the day of the
wedding, and to try on the veil is simply
tempting Providence, but one of the
most charming brides of the season did
both. She is the vice president's daughter,
too, Miss Julia Stevenson. Several
days before her wedding day she posed
to Miss Frances Benjamin Johnson for a
series of portraits. She wore the different
gowns of her trousseau, including the
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The Aryans Cowboys.
The study of domestic cattle should
be of especial interest to us because they
have undoubtedly occupied a more im-
portant place in our own ancestral his-
tory than any other species of animal.
The Aryan tribesmen from whom nearly
all western civilization folk are de-
scended were cowboys almost to a man.
Like the Kafirs and damaras of South
Africa today, all their thoughts were
about their herds. This is shown in a
curious way by the study of the early
development of our language. The Sans-
krit word for a king meant originally "a
chief herdsman." The word for an as-
sembly, or the meeting place of a con-
gress, was the same as that for a cow-
yard. A soldier was "one who fights
about cows." It would seem as if they
regarded nothing else as worth ruling
over or talking about or fighting for.
Professor Max Muller traces the word
"daughter" to the ancient term for a
"milkmaid." In the good old times they
plainly did not take any account of
young ladies who were not accomplished
performers in the cowpen.

The Cow or ox was for long ages the
chief standard of value. Everything,
from a new coat to a new wife, was
priced at so many cows. Many of our
words which refer to money bear traces
of this, such as "fee" and "pecuniary,"
which are directly derived from the old
English and Latin words for cattle.
Doubtless there were many currency
disputes when other materials began to be
used for coinage, and difficulties arose about
the adjustment of relative values. "Cow
metallism" might well have been an
important plank in some of the Aryan
platforms.—North American Review.

The Thought Switch.
"I suppose," said Mr. Glimmerston,
"that if a man is blessed with fairly
good health he ought to be able to sleep
nights, but, as a matter of fact, many
people lie awake half the night worry-
ing over things that are not worth
worrying about, and waking up in the morning
tired out to start with."

"What is needed is a thought switch
that will switch the thoughts over from
unpleasant lines to lines that are pleas-
ant and keep them there. There are
plenty of such switches now, but the
trouble with 'em all is that they don't
lock. They're all open switches. A man
gets over all right, but it's always up
grade where this switch is laid, and the
first thing he knows he slides back on
the old line of thought. What we want
is a switch that will keep him on the
right track till he's gathered strength
enough to climb the hill to the level,
where the going is easy, and where the
track lies straight for dreamland."

"There's money for the inventor in
this, and what a boon he would confer
on his brother man."—New York Sun.

Heartless Girl.

"Proud beauty," said he, striking an
attitude he had learned by constant at-
tendance at the 10, 20, 30 drama—
"proud beauty, I got from here to the
river, where I shall end my sorrows by
jumping in."
"I wouldn't go to the trouble of jump-
ing in and having to be searched for
with grabbooks," said the girl who had
refused him. "Just take a drink of the
river. That will do."—Chicago Jour-
nal.

SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE PRAISED
painting done with Pure White Lead
that we scarcely need to; but the fact
remains that Pure White Lead and Pure Lin-
seed Oil make the best—the most perma-
nent and satisfactory—paint. To secure
this make sure that the brand of

Pure White Lead

is genuine (see list). For colors, the
NATIONAL LEAD CO.'s Tinting Colors are
especially prepared for tinting Pure White
Lead to any shade required.

Pamphlet giving valuable information and color showing samples
of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of various
designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded
upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

That Is What the Victim of a Practical
Joke Thought.
"A good many years ago," said an
ex-congressman to a party of congress-
men, "I was in Georgia. A party of us
decided to go from Atlanta to Clark-
sville on horseback. Tim Murphy, an
Irishman, was a lieutenant of the At-
lanta police force. He wanted to go,
too, and we consented. On our way to
Clarksville, through the mountainous
sections of the state, we killed two large
panthers. Murphy was amazed and
frightened. He wanted to know if
snakes were plentiful, and we told him
that they were. We told him that at
Clarksville they had often been found
in the rooms of guests at the hotel. Tim
hated to turn back and so went on.

"We knew that at Clarksville a sa-
loon keeper had a stuffed bull snake, and
we concocted a plan to make it. Tim
had never left Atlanta. We got to the
old fashioned hotel all right. We
were put in a big room, with four beds
in it. We drank a good deal, and Tim
was in excellent spirits. It was a warm
night, and most of us undressed. Tim
pulled off everything but his shirt. He
lay down face foremost across the bed.
Tim told a string around the neck of
the snake, put a fishhook at the other
end of the line and cautiously hitched
the hook to Tim's shirt.

"The next time he turned around he
got a glimpse of the snake. 'Holy
smoke!' he yelled! 'Look! And then
he made a dash for the window. As he
jumped out the window the fishhook
pricked him in the back. He uttered an
awful yell, said he had been bitten and
went flying through the sandy streets
of the town dressed in Konga style. We
followed and tried to catch him. At every
step he swore he had been bitten, and
that he would die. We overhauled him
after the whole town had been aroused.
We took him back to the hotel and
filled him with whisky, telling him
that was the only cure for a snake
bite. The next morning he went to At-
lanta and took a course under a physi-
cian for snake bite. For years after that
Tim would brag about killing 20 snakes
at one time and of having been bitten
by one of them. He did not learn of the
trick for five years, and then he threat-
ened to take my life."—Washington Star.

The Aryan Cowboys.

The study of domestic cattle should
be of especial interest to us because they
have undoubtedly occupied a more im-
portant place in our own ancestral his-
tory than any other species of animal.
The Aryan tribesmen from whom nearly
all western civilization folk are de-
scended were cowboys almost to a man.
Like the Kafirs and damaras of South
Africa today, all their thoughts were
about their herds. This is shown in a
curious way by the study of the early
development of our language. The Sans-
krit word for a king meant originally "a
chief herdsman." The word for an as-
sembly, or the meeting place of a con-
gress, was the same as that for a cow-
yard. A soldier was "one who fights
about cows." It would seem as if they
regarded nothing else as worth ruling
over or talking about or fighting for.
Professor Max Muller traces the word
"daughter" to the ancient term for a
"milkmaid." In the good old times they
plainly did not take any account of
young ladies who were not accomplished
performers in the cowpen.

The Cow or ox was for long ages the
chief standard of value. Everything,
from a new coat to a new wife, was
priced at so many cows. Many of our
words which refer to money bear traces
of this, such as "fee" and "pecuniary,"
which are directly derived from the old
English and Latin words for cattle.
Doubtless there were many currency
disputes when other materials began to be
used for coinage, and difficulties arose about
the adjustment of relative values. "Cow
metallism" might well have been an
important plank in some of the Aryan
platforms.—North American Review.

The Thought Switch.
"I suppose," said Mr. Glimmerston,
"that if a man is blessed with fairly
good health he ought to be able to sleep
nights, but, as a matter of fact, many
people lie awake half the night worry-
ing over things that are not worth
worrying about, and waking up in the morning
tired out to start with."

"What is needed is a thought switch
that will switch the thoughts over from
unpleasant lines to lines that are pleas-
ant and keep them there. There are
plenty of such switches now, but the

IVORY SOAP

99 1/2% PURE

Keep the refrigerator clean. Use hot water, a cake of Ivory Soap (it leaves no odor) and a clean scrubbing brush; scrub the sides, corners, racks, outlet pipe and drip cup; rinse with cold water and wipe dry.

Woman's Department.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

The following is highly recommended as an effective insect destroyer: Put alum in hot water and boil until dissolved, then while it is hot apply with a brush or feather to the cracks where the pests are found. Ants, cockroaches, etc., are killed by it, though there is no danger to animals from poisoning.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied as hot as can be borne on a sprain or bruise, is an invaluable remedy. The affected member should afterward be rolled in flannel to retain the heat.

If a piece of camphor gum is placed in the drawer where are kept dress waists that are trimmed with steel, it will prevent the steel from tarnishing.

To prevent a bruise from discoloring apply immediately hot water, or if that is not at hand, moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised place.

The fact that youngsters ruin the appearance of their digits by the exercise which is known as "cracking the joints," is well founded. This habit stretches and weakens the ligaments and so enlarges the joints that the entire hand becomes knobby in consequence.

Peasants for indigestion. They are especially recommended for corpulent diabetics. Peasants are made into a wholesome and nutritious soup, are brewed and used as coffee, are eaten simply as a relish simply baked, or are prepared and served as salted almonds.

Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion, and are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.

Fig is aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.

To set the color and prevent delicate slender cambrics and dimities from fading, when washed, dissolve two cents' worth of sugar of lead in a pint of cold water; soak the garments in it two days; then rinse and wash.

Do not wash cloths or linoleum in cold soapsuds. Wash them with tepid water, and wipe with a cloth dampened with equal parts of milk and water.

It is said that if parsley is eaten with mince or a salad containing onions the odor of the onion will not affect the breath. The sprigs of the parsley should be eaten as you would eat celery.

To stain wood to look like ebony take solution of sulphate of iron and wash the wood over twice. When the wood becomes dry apply two or three coats of strong decoction of logwood. Wipe the wood dry and polish with a flannel wet in linseed oil.

When a good housekeeper is confronted with a room whose paper is much soiled and she feels that it must have clean paper or all her other cleaning is for naught, she does not always think of the family purse and call in the paperhanger. She takes a loaf of stale bread which is not too hard, cuts off one crust and, taking the loaf firmly between both hands, gently rubs the surface of the paper. When the surface of the loaf looks soiled she cuts off a thin slice and starts again—and so on until the loaf is finished or the paper cleaned. This process makes wall paper which is not too badly soiled look like new. If, per chance, there are grease spots on the wall she lays over the spots a piece of coarse brown paper and presses a hot iron over it.

SLEEPLESSNESS.
Cold feet often banish sleep. The association between cold feet and sleeplessness is much closer than is commonly imagined. Persons with cold feet rarely sleep well, especially women. Yet the number of persons so troubled is very considerable.

This is the plan to adopt: The feet should be dipped in cold water, for a few minutes; and then, immediately be getting into bed, they should be rubbed till they glow with a pair of hair gloves or a rough Turkish towel. Then, a hot-water bottle will be sufficient, though, without this preliminary it is important to do so.

Disagreeable as the plan at first may seem, it is efficient, and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, and find that they have put an end to their bad nights and cold feet.

Something sounds, brushing the hair, the skin, rubbing the palms of the hands or the backs of the arms, will have a quieting influence on some people. Pillows should be chosen with care, as some people sleep best on a hard, others on a soft one. A hop pillow will often induce sleep.

Coffee has been found an excellent remedy in some cases of insomnia. A spoonful of very strong coffee should be taken, without milk or sugar.

Stains on Carpets.
Grease spots and stains on carpets may be easily removed when it is generally supposed. Soapstone, finely pulverized and rubbed upon a grease spot, will soon draw out the oil. If the powder be warmed the result will be even better, and all may be brushed away after it has served its purpose. Fuller's earth made into a paste with water, and laid on the dirty marks on a light carpet, will cleanse it.

Swollen Eyes.
If the eyes swell and become bloodshot, sponge them several times during the day with hot water. A heavy cold, or anything too much, will produce this

appearance of the eyes, and perfect rest is the best cure. Lie down in a darkened room, with a cloth dipped in hot water laid over the eyes.

PROVISIONING NEW YORK.

About \$100,000,000 Worth of Dairy Products and Meats Consumed Annually.

"Feeding a City Like New York," an article by John Gilmer Speed in July Ladies' Home Journal, presents some interesting and astonishing statistics.

For instance, Mr. Speed declares that New Yorkers consume 80,000,000 dozen eggs per year, for which they pay \$14,400,000; 200,800 pounds of butter per year, costing \$18,200,000 per year; 297,000 gallons of milk, 5000 gallons of cream, and 1200 gallons of condensed milk daily, at a yearly outlay of \$16,250,000. Including cheese, for which \$10,000,000 per year is paid, the aggregate value of the dairy products consumed in New York City is \$44,450,000. Mr. Speed fixes the valuation of the meats of various kinds sold to New Yorkers each year at about \$58,000,000. This does not include poultry, from 200,000 to 400,000 head of which are sold weekly.

Upon a conservative estimate, Mr. Speed places the quantity of fish consumed yearly in New York at 45,000,000 pounds, not including oysters, clams, crabs and other shell fish. There are 24,000 bushels of potatoes sold in New York daily, the yield of a 90,000-acre farm per year, the aggregate value of the tubers being \$13,000,000. Other vegetables are consumed in like proportions. There are 70,000 bushels of wheat (flour) eaten every week, besides large quantities of oat meal, buckwheat flour and corn meal.

The quantities of provender always on hand (the perishable goods being kept in cold storage warehouses) leads Mr. Speed to conclude that were New York cut off from all the points from whence her food supplies are drawn, her people could live in plenty for four months, and even manage to get along for half a year, without emulating the Chinese appetites for rats.

GRAY HAIR.
A woman expects to see a few silver strands appearing in the midst of the hair when she has turned thirty, but there are certain causes which hasten this generally undesired process.

A disturbance of the nervous system by violent emotion, grief, constant headaches and rheumatism of the scalp, all induce the bleaching of the pith contained in the hollow organs of the hair follicles. Excessive washing of the head is very bad for the hair, and a celebrated doctor shows conclusively that premature baldness is due very often to this practice. If it does not weaken the hair, it tends to grayness.

Preparations of iron taken internally are often very effective in restoring the color, as the coloring matter of the hair owes its tint to the iron in the system.

Dyes are disapproved of, though I grant you all are not dangerous; but, unfortunately, the really efficacious ones almost always are. The simple "staining" preparations are apt to give a neutral tint which quickly disappears, and in any case will need renewing four or five times a week.

TO CLEAN ENGRAVINGS.
For cleaning old engravings of carbonate of soda, use the bicarbonate, in slight excess, for decomposing chloride of lime. The reaction is very violent, and Javelle water is easily separated from the precipitate produced. Old engravings, wood cuts and all kinds of printed matter that have turned yellow are completely restored by being immersed in it only for one minute, without the least injury to the paper, if the precaution is taken to thoroughly wash the article in water containing a little hyposulphate of soda. Undyed linen and cotton goods of all kinds, however soiled or dirty, are rendered snowy white in a very short time by merely placing them in the liquid mentioned. Take four pounds of bicarbonate of soda, one pound of chloride of lime, add one gallon of boiling water, let it boil from ten to fifteen minutes, then stir in the chloride of lime, avoiding lamps. When cold, the liquid can be kept in a jug ready for use.

Jewels on Gloves.
The latest fad in the way of eccentric dress is the wearing of jewels upon various articles of clothing. This extravagant originated in gay Paris, where the jewellers are falling over one another in their attempts to find some new use to which to put gems.

There are now on the market, as a unique result of this attempt to find or devise something new, gloves in the backs of which are set precious stones, diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds, and, in fact, any gem whose natural color harmonizes or makes a pleasing contrast to the color of the glove. Diamonds seem to be the favorite gems used for this purpose.

The jewels are set in the back of the glove along the seam and are held in place by means of a small nut attachment. Thus far only a few of the more advanced women of the ultra fashionable set have taken to wearing the diamond-encrusted gloves, but the fad is slowly but surely spreading, and no man can tell to what extent it may be carried.

Like every other fashion which originates in Paris, the fad of wearing diamond-backed gloves has crossed the English channel, and a few of the more daring English leaders of fashion have promptly had jewels set in the backs of their gloves. Following the inevitable order of such things, the fad will reach this country during the present season.

American girls will doubtless combine this fad with the other one of wearing the stones appropriate to the month of their birth. Then those who believe in planetary influence upon the human disposition will have only to glance at the glove to know the character of the girl.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Consideration For Shopwomen.
Every conscientious woman should put into practice in her shopping the principles observed by the 1,500 women who are members of the Consumers' League. The women belonging to this league pay no dues, have no meetings and get no benefits except those of an approving conscience. Their names are not even known to the public, only to the officers of the league, whose objects they approve. These objects are to induce women to shop at reasonable hours, to be considerate of those who serve them in the shops and to patronize whenever possible only those stores that are on a so-called "white list," which are known as "fair shops." A fair shop, according to the requirements of the league, is one in which equal pay is given for equal work regardless of sex and in which the minimum wages are \$6 a week for those who are inexperienced; those in which wages are paid by the week and in which the fines if imposed are paid into a fund for the benefit of those employed.

The minimum wages for cashiers are \$2 a week. As to hours, a fair house is expected to make the time from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. a working day and to allow 45 minutes for lunch, with a half holiday once a week during the summer months, one week's vacation with continued pay and a compensation for work done after business hours. Other requirements that must be observed by those placed upon the "white list" are: that sanitary laws shall be observed; that employees shall be provided with seats in accordance with law, and that fidelity and length of service shall meet with consideration.—New York Letter.

A Hustling Chicago Woman.
One young woman, who makes her appearance daily in the little group which gathers about the close of the board of trade corridor, has selected an unusual calling. She is the representative of a cooperative concern and sells and buys staves and headings. What is more, she does it well and has demonstrated in the course of the last five or six months that a woman can sell lard (cocoa) as well as she can do talking if she is of the right sort. The group of which she forms a part each day is interesting in its way. It is composed of about a dozen dealers in cooperative, most of them "boss cooper" running shops employing from 10 to 40 men each. This little group meets to establish prices and make sales at the foot of the stairs running up to the exchange floor.

The young woman who makes a livelihood by selling cooperative goods into the business through a peculiar chain of circumstances. She was a stenographer in the office of a Keokuk cooper. He decided to branch out and established an agency here and put a partner in charge. The partner made a bad job of it, and after a reorganization another partner came on and did as badly as his predecessor. The stenographer at the Keokuk office in the meantime had come on to Chicago and had become familiar both with the marketing of the product of the Iowa factory and with the commission business. She was promoted to the management on the failure of the second partner to make a success of the business and has been managing it ever since. Her position is no sinecure, and her appearance in the board of trade corridor is the least part of her duties.

She has had a light little ladder made, to enable her to climb into the cars and inspect stock. She superintends the tallying out of staves and headings, carries on the correspondence of the company and has charge of the banking done here. Her associates at the board of trade meetings are good, substantial, bushy whiskered old men, who are inclined to give her fair play at every point, but they are unanimous in the opinion that, so far as selling cooperative is concerned, she is as good a man as any of them.—Chicago Tribune.

For the first time in the history of the state, says the Baltimore News, "a woman is today holding a state office in Maryland. Colonel Luther H. Gadd, state librarian, sent his resignation to Governor Lowndes recently, and Mrs. Anna B. Jeffers of Annapolis received her commission, filed her bond and entered upon the duties of the office, to which she was appointed by Governor Lowndes and confirmed by the senate just before the adjournment of the general assembly. She is the daughter of a late gallant officer of high rank in the navy, a lady of much personal popularity, and will doubtless make as excellent a state librarian as those of Kentucky, Michigan and other states in which this office has come to be regarded as one which women are peculiarly adapted to fill."

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A WOMAN WHO IS ASSISTANT PASTOR TO HER HUSBAND.

A Hustling Chicago Woman—Jewels on Gloves—Consideration For Shopwomen. Mrs. Stanton on Wheel Dress—Fads and Fancies of the Season.

In the New South church of Boston recently the Rev. Leslie W. Sprague was installed as pastor, and at the same time and by the same services his wife, the Rev. Lita Frost Sprague, was installed as assistant pastor. It is so uncommon for a woman to be installed in the pastorate of a New England church, particularly in Boston, that an elaborate service was arranged. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, and the venerable Dr. Edward Everett Hale delivered a sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague have been together in the ministry for seven years. They were graduated together from the Theological seminary at Andover, Pa., and in 1889 were married. The following year they were ordained in All Souls' church in Chicago and soon afterward were called to a church in Munroe, Wis. From there they went to Pomona, Cal., where they succeeded in building a church in the roughest part of the town. Their success in Pomona was such that they were called to the pastorate of the Second Unitarian church in San Francisco. That was two years ago. They went to Boston to the New South church in January of this year.

Mrs. Sprague is the founder of the woman's parliament of southern California and is also greatly interested in the woman's congress in San Francisco. She is slight in stature and unassuming in manner, but she has a way of winning confidence and sympathy which has made her very successful. She has great ability, and her sermons are strong and interesting.

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Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, gives an amusing account in The Young Woman of the beginning of her love of adventure. She was at the Canary Islands, and hearing "very dreadful accounts of the dangers and horrors of traveling in west Africa," she felt she must go, out of mere female curiosity. She continues: "I asked a man who knew the country what I should find most useful to take out with me, and he replied, 'An introduction to the Wesleyan mission, because they have a fine hearse and plumes at the station and would be able to give you a grand funeral.'"

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contrast to the color of the glove. Diamonds seem to be the favorite gems used for this purpose.

The jewels are set in the back of the glove along the seam and are held in place by means of a small nut attachment. Thus far only a few of the more advanced women of the ultra fashionable set have taken to wearing the diamond-encrusted gloves, but the fad is slowly but surely spreading, and no man can tell to what extent it may be carried.

Like every other fashion which originates in Paris, the fad of wearing diamond-backed gloves has crossed the English channel, and a few of the more daring English leaders of fashion have promptly had jewels set in the backs of their gloves. Following the inevitable order of such things, the fad will reach this country during the present season.

American girls will doubtless combine this fad with the other one of wearing the stones appropriate to the month of their birth. Then those who believe in planetary influence upon the human disposition will have only to glance at the glove to know the character of the girl.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Consideration For Shopwomen.
Every conscientious woman should put into practice in her shopping the principles observed by the 1,500 women who are members of the Consumers' League. The women belonging to this league pay no dues, have no meetings and get no benefits except those of an approving conscience. Their names are not even known to the public, only to the officers of the league, whose objects they approve. These objects are to induce women to shop at reasonable hours, to be considerate of those who serve them in the shops and to patronize whenever possible only those stores that are on a so-called "white list," which are known as "fair shops." A fair shop, according to the requirements of the league, is one in which equal pay is given for equal work regardless of sex and in which the minimum wages are \$6 a week for those who are inexperienced; those in which wages are paid by the week and in which the fines if imposed are paid into a fund for the benefit of those employed.

The minimum wages for cashiers are \$2 a week. As to hours, a fair house is expected to make the time from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. a working day and to allow 45 minutes for lunch, with a half holiday once a week during the summer months, one week's vacation with continued pay and a compensation for work done after business hours. Other requirements that must be observed by those placed upon the "white list" are: that sanitary laws shall be observed; that employees shall be provided with seats in accordance with law, and that fidelity and length of service shall meet with consideration.—New York Letter.

A Hustling Chicago Woman.
One young woman, who makes her appearance daily in the little group which gathers about the close of the board of trade corridor, has selected an unusual calling. She is the representative of a cooperative concern and sells and buys staves and headings. What is more, she does it well and has demonstrated in the course of the last five or six months that a woman can sell lard (cocoa) as well as she can do talking if she is of the right sort. The group of which she forms a part each day is interesting in its way. It is composed of about a dozen dealers in cooperative, most of them "boss cooper" running shops employing from 10 to 40 men each. This little group meets to establish prices and make sales at the foot of the stairs running up to the exchange floor.

The young woman who makes a livelihood by selling cooperative goods into the business through a peculiar chain of circumstances. She was a stenographer in the office of a Keokuk cooper. He decided to branch out and established an agency here and put a partner in charge. The partner made a bad job of it, and after a reorganization another partner came on and did as badly as his predecessor. The stenographer at the Keokuk office in the meantime had come on to Chicago and had become familiar both with the marketing of the product of the Iowa factory and with the commission business. She was promoted to the management on the failure of the second partner to make a success of the business and has been managing it ever since. Her position is no sinecure, and her appearance in the board of trade corridor is the least part of her duties.

She has had a light little ladder made, to enable her to climb into the cars and inspect stock. She superintends the tallying out of staves and headings, carries on the correspondence of the company and has charge of the banking done here. Her associates at the board of trade meetings are good, substantial, bushy whiskered old men, who are inclined to give

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
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THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for first insertion
and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.
Mr. J. W. Kirtland, our Agent, will call
upon our subscribers in Waldo county during
July and August.

There were great times wherever the
Fourth was celebrated, but the celebra-
tion in Augusta beat them all.

Eden has just celebrated its centennial.
We had an idea that Eden was over one
hundred years old.

The first number of the *Old Orchard*
Sea Shell, for the season, with J. Clair
Minot as its editor, has appeared. This
is Mr. Minot's sixth consecutive season
on the paper, he having chosen journal-
ism as his profession.

G. J. Shaw of Portland, who has leased
Brigadier's Island, says the salmon fish-
ery this season has been a good one with
him. Up to July 4 he had taken 420
salmon at his weir, 150 more than were
caught at the same place last season.

The papers have had a great deal to
say, lately, about the "sweet girl gradu-
ate." What's the matter with giving the
sweet girl graduate a bit of a chance?
He is to have something to do with the
future, if he lives, as well as the girl.

J. M. Thoburn, bishop of the Metho-
dist church in India, says: "Theosophy
is a thing of the past in India. It was
dropped there about the time it was
taken up in America." But why deprive
the cranks of the opportunity of embrac-
ing this new humbug?

In his sermon at Bath, last Sunday,
Rev. J. L. Hoyle took up the subject of
"The Unfaithfulness of Our City Officials
in Not Enforcing the Prohibition Laws."
We presume the liquor law there is not
enforced "according to Hoyle."

An order has been issued at the War
Department relieving Capt. Winfield S.
Edgerly, 7th Cavalry, from duty at the
Maine State College, Orono, and direct-
ing him to report to the Governor of
New Hampshire for duty with the National
Guard of that State.

A shut down of the Pepperell No. 3
mill and the broad looms in the Pepper-
ell and Laconia mills, Biddford, about
1900 in all, was ordered Monday night.
The product of the broad looms is a
domestic cotton for which there is no
demand. This will throw about 1900
out of work for an indefinite period.

Cable advices of this date to Geo. A.
Cochrane, Boston, from the principal
markets of Great Britain, gives butter
markets as fairly steady with prices un-
changed for home and continental goods.
American butter meets with indifferent
demand, with ladies selling at 11 to 12
cents, and imitations 12 to 13 cents. A
few fancy creameries have sold at 16
cents. Cheese markets are very dull.
Old cheese, which is in large supply, is
being forced in every direction, which
causes a dull feeling in new, top prices
of which are 7½ to 7¾ for American and
Canadian respectively.

The Massachusetts Board of Agri-
culture is made up of workers, and some-
thing fresh comes from their hands at
frequent intervals. We have just re-
ceived the large volume sent out by
Secretary Sessions covering, in a compre-
hensive manner, "The Gypsy Moth."
It gives all that is now known about the
habits, characteristics, and dangers at-
tending this pest which the State Board
of Massachusetts has so diligently and
faithfully sought to destroy, or at least
prevent from spreading over new ter-
ritory. The volume is one which should
have a place in the library of every
student, and much credit is due Secre-
tary Sessions and his co-laborers for the
faithful service rendered in its prepara-
tion.

Pettingill & Co., Boston, the leading
advertising agents of the country—cer-
tainly one of the best firms it has been
our good fortune to do business with—
have purchased the entire business, good
will, etc., of the S. R. Niles advertising
agency, also of Boston, and a fine house,
too. The two agencies are now consoli-
dated; and in order to provide adequate
facilities for taking care of this greatly en-
larged business, Messrs. Pettingill & Co.
have taken a long lease of the three entire
floors in their office building, 22 School
St., which they are having fitted up with
every convenience to be used exclusively
for their business. We have long done
business with this old and substantial
firm, and join with our brothers of the
press in wishing them many more years
of prosperity.

The weather-crop bulletin for the past
week says of Maine: "A heavy, soaking
rain fell over the most of Maine on the
afternoon and night of the 4th, benefit-
ing grass and food crops very much.
The first part of the week had been hot
and dry, and field crops were wilting
to a considerable extent, but since the
rain they show a marked improvement.
The correspondent at Lewiston states
that crops never looked better at this
season of the year. He says the hay
crop will not be so bulky as last year,
but will be more solid and hardy and
probably of equal value. Most correspon-
dents think the crop will be consider-
ably below the average, though there is
no doubt but the rain will cause a marked
increase in the growth. Potatoes and
corn are both reported to be a little
backward, but improving. Apples and
small fruits are very promising, and are
growing fast."

THE GREAT CELEBRATION.

It has come and gone—we mean the
Fourth of July celebration in Augusta—
and the people are still living. It is only
once in a great long while that the capi-
tal city does anything of the kind, and
when she does she puts herself out to
make a racket. This was fully accom-
plished, the very elaborate programme we
have already published, being with one
or two exceptions carried out in all its
details. The work of the principal com-
mittee and sub-committees has been un-
tiring and laborious, and they are en-
titled to the thanks of all for the excel-
lent and efficient manner in which the
arrangements were carried out. There
were ten thousand people in town, be-
sides our own people. Good order and
good fellowship were maintained
throughout the day, although the sale of
intoxicating liquor was unrestrained,
everything being "wide open," the police
gathering in a tremendous harvest of
drunks. The decorations about the city
were beautiful in the extreme, and
elicited praise from every quarter.

The morning was inauspicious so far
as the weather was concerned, the clouds
hanging leaden and heavy with rain
about us. At the time scheduled for
sunrise, the city bells pealed forth their
music, accompanied by the firing of the
national salute at the Arsenal. This was
repeated at noon and also at sunset.
Before the grey dawn of the morning
people poured in from the country in all
kinds of conveyances, and when the
trains and boats arrived there was a per-
fect jam, surging through every street
and avenue, packing Water street solid.
At seven o'clock music resounded
from Cushman Heights, where was
formed the procession of Antiques and
Horribles, and as they marched through
the principal streets they appeared an-
tique and horrible enough to suit the
most fastidious taste. Some of the hits
were remarkably grotesque and cute,
there being quite a number of original
designs. The whole affair was comical,
and got the people at once in good
humor. Winthrop Band and St. Perkins
Pavilion Band furnished music, while
the ragged line answered to the com-
mand of Gen. Mark Hanna.

The prizes were awarded as follows:
For double teams, "The Landing of the
Pilgrims," 1st, \$10; "The Old Folks at
Home," 2d, \$5; "The Old Folks at
Home," 3d, \$3; Single teams, Mr. and
Mrs. Bowser, 1st, \$6; "One Horse
Shay," 2d, \$4; the dog in the baby car-
riage, with caricature of maid, 3d, \$2.

It was nearly twelve o'clock before the
main procession formed on Water street,
and was ready for its long march.

The procession moved in the following
order:
Platoon of Police under Marshal Henry T.
Morse.
Chief Marshal, Col. R. W. Soule.
Col. A. S. Bangs, Chief of Staff.
Capt. Geo. Doughty, Capt. E. J. Martin.
Capt. J. F. Bean, Capt. M. S. Campbell.
Captain E. C. Dudley.
Ordnance.
Thos. A. Cooper, Ferd. Storer.
Frank W. Roberts, Capt. E. H. Hanson.
Winthrop Band, E. A. Nason.
Patriarchs Militant, Canton, Augusta, No. 9.
Cushman Heights, 40 men.
Steamer Cushman, Augusta.
Vindicator Hose Co., Bangor, 24 men.
Hollingsworth & Whitney Hose Co., Bangor, 24 men.
Yarmouth Cadet Band, 21 men.
Pungstuck Engine Co., Yarmouth, 31 men.
Washington Hose Co., Bangor, 32 men.
Volunteer Hose Co., Augusta, 11 men.
Hallowell Steam Fire Engine Co., Hallowell.
Eagle Drum Corps, Gardiner, 10 men.
Eagle Hose Co., Gardiner, 24 men.
Hecla Engine Co., Bangor, 40 men.
Venus Hose Co., Rockport, 21 men.
G. F. Burgess Engine Co., Rockport, 40 men.
Hollingsworth & Whitney Hose Co., Bangor, 24 men.
Niagara Engine Co., Bangor, 30 men.
Continental Drum Corps, Gardiner, 10 men.
Continental Hose Co., Bangor, 24 men.
Alert Hose Co., Gardiner, 16 men.
Tiger Hose Co., Hallowell, 24 men.
St. John the Baptist's Band, Brunswick, 24 men.
Niagara Hose and Engine Co., Brunswick, 15 men.
Long Reach Steamer Co., Bath, 16 men.
Massachusetts Engine Co., Bangor, 25 men.
Belvidere Engine Co., Bangor, 40 men.
Torment Engine Co., Bangor, 50 men.
General Bates Engine Co., Bangor, 50 men.
General Burgess Engine Co., Bangor, 50 men.
General Burgess Engine Co., Bangor, 50 men.

There were at least twelve hundred
people in line, and as the processionists
brought uniforms and banners passed
through the gaily decorated streets, it
was a bewildering and fascinating sight.
Cheers were spontaneous and frequent
as the fine appearance of the several
companies with their gaily decorated
machines impressed itself upon the in-
terested spectators. During the pro-
cession of the march, Capital Hose Co.
gave the visiting firemen a warm recep-
tion at their home house on State street,
treating them to lemonade and present-
ing each with a souvenir badge. Their
house was appropriately decorated and
the lifelike figure of a fireman, clothed
in a full regulation uniform of a Foreman
of the Cushman company of the 70's,
standing upon a platform extended over
the entrance of the house, holding a hose,
through which ran a stream of water,
was the most original feature in the way
of decorations in the city.

The march was a long and tedious one,
but at the end of it was a nice dinner for
the hungry firemen. At the suggestion
of the *Maine Farmer* the committee had
made arrangements with the different
churches to have dinners provided in
their several church parlors. There was
a regular banquet at each church; plenty
of room, plenty of time, and an abun-
dant to eat. The firemen were loud in
their praises of the dinner and cheered
the tables at the close. When the dis-
play, the bunting, the noise, the music,
the decorations, and everything else con-
nected with the great celebration, pass
from their minds, the firemen will re-
member Augusta from the fact that here
they were served the best Fourth of July
dinner they ever enjoyed.

The firemen's contest took place in the
afternoon, in the midst of a drizzling
rain. In the hose reel race the distance
was to start on a line with the carriage,
take the rope with a 150-foot run, lay 100
feet of hose, to take the joint 100 feet
from the hydrant, couple with the nozzle,
taking two turns or more and also every
quarter turn at the nozzle and hydrant
short of two turns, a second of time was
added to the time made in running. The
Dirigo Hose Co. of Brewer was the first
to cross the line, running the distance in
30 seconds; the Hollingsworth & Whit-
ney Co. of Winslow was second, in 38½
seconds; the Eagles of Gardiner, in 39½
seconds.

nal run but were unfortunate in getting
water. The Hartleb & Cheltra Co. of
Bath ran the distance in 37 seconds.
The corrected time as given out by the
judges, owing to the turns at the hy-
drant, was as follows: Eagles of Orono,
1st, time, 38 seconds; Hollingsworth &
Whitney Co. of Winslow, 2d, time, 37½
seconds; Eagles of Gardiner, 3d, time,
39½ seconds; Dirigos of Brewer, 4th,
time, 40 seconds. The prizes were as
follows: First prize, \$75; second prize,
\$50; third prize, \$25.

In the hand tub contest the prizes in
the first class were won as follows:
First, \$75, Niagara of Brunswick; second,
\$25, G. F. Burgess of Rockport. The
Niagara of Brunswick also won the first
prize for best appearing company in the
parade. Second class, Torrent of Lisbon,
First, \$50; Hecla of Randolph, Second,
\$25.

The Long Reach steamer of Bath won
the first prize of \$50, being the only con-
testants.

The following is a list of the contesting
tubs and winners.

FIRST CLASS.		Feet.	Inches.
Niagara of Brunswick	225	7½	
Gen. Bates of Lisbon Falls	214	4	
G. F. Burgess of Rockport	208	11	
Niagara of Bangor	198		
Hydrant of Belfast	195	8	

SECOND CLASS.		Feet.	Inches.
Torrent of Lisbon	209	3½	
Hecla of Randolph	194	2	
Massachusetts of Bangor	182	6	
Tiger of Hallowell	169	4	

STEAMER.		Feet.	Inches.
Long Reach of Bath	251		

The washout contest was very funny,
the prize money being equally divided
between the Gen. Bates Company of Lis-
bon Falls and the lucky Niagara Com-
pany of Brunswick.

The balloon ascension was a deplorable
failure, "Prof." Le Strange (strange to
say) permitting the balloon to go up
without containing his own most pre-
cious self.

The horse trot came very near being a
failure, no interest being taken in the
small number of horses participating.
Summary:

230 YARD AND PACE—HORSE \$350.		Feet.	Inches.
Halle, ch. m. H. M. Lowe, Shawmut	1	2	
Venus, ch. m. K. M. Small, Vassalboro	1	2	
Time—2:28½, 2:30½, 2:30½.			
237 YARD AND PACE—HORSE \$150.		Feet.	Inches.
China Boy, blk. & Reynolds & Withee	1	1	
Winglow, blk. & Reynolds & Withee	1	1	
Time—2:20, 2:21½, 2:21.			

The new City Hall was formally dedi-
cated in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. A
grand and patriotic oration was delivered
by that Prince of Orators, Hon. H. M.
Heath. Prayer was offered by Rev. C.
A. Hayden. Mayor Choate presided, and
made a fine address. The Declaration of
Independence was impressively read by
F. J. C. Little, Esq., and a chorus choir
under the direction of Mr. J. W. Beck,
furnished music. Everybody admired the
new building and all its appointments.

As the display of fireworks had to be
postponed until Monday evening, on ac-
count of the damp weather, a grand ball
at City Hall, lasting until midnight,
closed the festivities of the day and night.

Burning of the Opera House.

On Friday night, near midnight, our
city met with the sad loss of its beauti-
ful and popular Opera House. The fire
was first discovered in the basement in
the rear, next to Cony's stable, and soon
shot up the elevator like a race horse,
working its way at once into the third
and fourth stories that contained the
Opera House. The firemen worked hero-
ically, one member of the department
coming very near losing his life. The
cause of the fire is unknown, whether
from fire crackers, the stub of a cigar,
or matches thrown down by some
drunken fellow who was celebrating,
or the crossing of electric wires. The walls
of the building are standing, while the
first story is not damaged except by
water. The offices in the second story
were badly damaged, but they can be
easily repaired.

The city government suffered quite a
loss on chairs, desks, etc., in the council
rooms, and also in the city treasurer's
office, about in the center of the Water
street front. The Haynes & Lawrence
Ice Co., next door, will have a loss on
furniture and office fixings. The com-
pany's books and papers were in the
safe, and unharmed. Dr. Tuell, in the
office opposite, on the Market square side,
escaped with a loss of \$400 on furnishings,
which is uninsured. Charles K. Par-
tridge, the "old and reliable," has again
passed through the fiery furnace, and
although he has met with a heavy loss,
is full of courage and undimmed. His
stock was worth \$10,000; insured for
\$8,000. W. H. Holmes, the proprietor
of the café, was damaged to the extent
of \$700, on which he had \$200 insurance.
E. W. Church, grocer, lost probably
\$2,500; insured for \$1500. He has
moved into one of the stores in Masonic
Temple block. The Augusta Safe De-
posit & Trust Co., which had an office
finely fitted out at the south end of the
building, has had its bank furniture,
valued at \$2,000, just about ruined, but
not hurt by the water, but some of
the books were badly soaked. The
company has opened temporarily in the
Hayes' building, just south.

The building is owned by Hon. J.
Manchester Haynes. Its cost was about
\$55,000; insured for \$42,500. Of Col.
Haynes' plans for the future we do not
know, but we have no doubt that with
his usual enterprise and public spirit, he
will go forward and rebuild. He was
the only man in town with pluck enough
and with sufficient faith in the future of
Augusta, to give our people an Opera
House, and we don't believe this inter-
ruption will seriously interfere with his
plans for the good of our community.

At a meeting of the school board in
Skowhegan, Thursday, Charles W. Mar-
ston of Hallowell, a graduate of Bowdoin,
'94, was elected sub-master of Skowhegan
High school for the next school year.
Albert S. Cole of Cambridge, in this
State, graduate of Colby, '96, was elected
supervisor of schools.

The close time for white perch is now
off.

THE NEW DIRECTOR.

Professor Chas. D. Woods, formerly
Vice Director of the Storrs, Connecticut,
Agricultural Experiment Station, as-
sumed his duties as Professor of Agri-
culture in the Maine State College and
Director of the Maine Agricultural Ex-
periment Station, July 1st, in place of
Professor W. H. Jordan, who has gone
to the New York Agricultural Experi-
ment Station at Geneva, as its Director.

Professor Woods is a Maine boy, and
comes from well known Maine stock.
His great-grandparents were among the
early settlers in Waldo county, coming
here from New Hampshire. His grand-
parents were farmers, and his father was
a farmer and later a merchant. He re-
moved from the State about twenty-five
years ago. His uncle, Hon. Wm. M.
Woods of Belfast, has been in the legis-
lature, and was for a number of years
Treasurer of Waldo county.

Professor Woods' boyhood was spent
in Belfast. He was fitted for college at
Kent's Hill and at Dean Academy, Frank-
lin, Mass. He was graduated from Wes-
leyan University, Middletown, Conn., in
1880, in the same class with President
Harris.

From 1880 to 1882 Professor Woods
was assistant in the Chemical Depart-
ment of Wesleyan University, and in the
college year he had charge of the De-
partment of Chemistry in the absence
of the Professor in Europe. From 1883
to 1888 he was teacher of Natural Science
at Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy. In
1888 he was elected chemist, and in 1890
Vice Director of the Storrs (Conn.) Agri-
cultural Experiment Station, which po-
sition he resigned to go to the Maine
State College. Since 1894 he has been
"expert in food investigations" for the
United States Department of Agricul-
ture.

In his undergraduate work, Professor
Woods gave special attention to chem-
istry, chiefly agricultural chemistry.
During this time he had the advantage
of intimate relations with Dr. A. T.
Neale of the Delaware Experiment Sta-
tion and of Professor W. H. Jordan of
Orono, at that time Assistant in the
Chemical Department of Wesleyan.

The first experiment station in Amer-
ica was started at Middletown, while
Professor Woods was a student there,
and he has, therefore, been familiar with
the experiment station movement from
its beginning.

Since 1876, with the exception of the
period from 1883 to 1888, he has been
associated with Professor W. O. Atwater,
one of the early professors of chemistry
at the Maine State College.

During his early years at Middletown,
Professor Woods was associated with
men who have since become prominent
in experiment station work. Among
them were Director Neale of the Dela-
ware Station, Director Jordan of the
New York State Station, Dr. E. H.
Jenkins of the Conn. State Station, the
late Professor Walter Valentine of the
Maine State College and Director True
of the Office of Experiment Stations at
Washington.

Professor Woods' work has been chiefly
along the lines of plant and animal nutri-
tion in conjunction with Professor At-
water. The most important investiga-
tions in nutrition of plants was upon the
acquisition of atmospheric nitrogen by
growing plants. By these experiments
it was shown that certain kinds of plants,
such as clover, peas, beans and vetches
have the power of obtaining their nitro-
gen from the air. He has given much
attention to the problems connected
with dairying and especially those which
have to do with the feeding of milk
cows.

During the last few years a large part
of his time and thought has been
given to the investigation of the food of
man. In 1894, Congress made an espe-
cial appropriation for the investigation
of the nutritive value of human food.
While the Secretary of Agriculture en-
trusted this investigation to Professor
W. O. Atwater, its immediate direction
has been largely in Professor Woods' charge.

Professor Woods has been a liberal
contributor to the current agricultural
literature, especially through the publi-
cation of the experiment station and of
the Department of Agriculture. By his
work in farmers' institutes he has be-
come well known in Southern New En-
gland, and from his connection with the
experiment station movement and the
work undertaken by the United States
Department of Agriculture, he has ac-
quired a national reputation.

Situated on Hersey hill, in Dexter, is a
spring which may well be considered a
remarkable one. Boiling up out of the
ground, with little if any variation in
the year round, a quantity of water equal
to a stream from a hose two inches in di-
ameter with a fair pressure, cold and clear
as crystal, passes down over the hill,
forming a brook, which, after covering
the distance of half a mile, divides, one
half going in one direction and the other
in another. The water from one of these
brooks finally empties into the Penob-
scot, and that from the other reaches the
Kennebec.

Laying the Corner Stone.

The Commissioners on the new In-
sane Hospital at Bangor have decided to
lay the corner stone on Wednesday,
July 15th, at 3 P. M., with Masonic
ceremonies, which are impressive and
interesting.

The exercises will be under the aus-
pices of the Grand Lodge of Masons of
Maine. The programme is not definitely
decided upon as yet, but it is expected
that it will include prayer by Rev. G. W.
Field, D. D., of Bangor, and remarks by
the two candidates for Governor, Hon.
Llewellyn Powers, of Houlton, republi-
can, and Mr. E. B. Winslow, of Port-
land, democrat; Mayor Beal, Dr. D. A.
Robinson and others.

The Forest Paper Company propose
erecting a new paper mill at Yarmouth,
which will be two stories with basement,
150x200 feet in size.

DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe died at
her delightful home in Hartford, Conn.,
Wednesday at noon, with paralysis of
the brain, the culmination of a mental
trouble that had afflicted her for some
time. She passed peacefully away, as
though into a deep sleep. On Friday,
after simple funeral services, the body
was taken to Andover, Mass. The
burial was in the cemetery connected
with the Andover Theological Seminary,
where Mrs. Stowe's husband, Prof.
Calvin E. Stowe, and her son, Henry,
are buried.

Mrs. Stowe's father was the noted
preacher and philanthropist, Dr. Lyman
Beecher, who made a most powerful im-
pression upon New England thought, and
assisted in moulding her institutions.
She was born in Litchfield, Conn., on
the 14th of June, 1812, where she passed
the first twelve years of her life, exhib-
iting rare talent at school and elsewhere.
On the second of June, 1836, she mar-
ried Calvin A. Stowe, a man lovely in
all his characteristics, and who for some
time was Professor in Bowdoin College.
Her husband died in 1880. Attention
was early attracted to Mrs. Stowe's pub-
lic writings for the newspapers and
magazines. She wrote "Dred," and
other tales of fiction, but the work that
gave her an immortal reputation was
"Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the
Lowly," which has been more widely
circulated and read, and exercised more
influence probably than any work of
fiction ever produced, and whose publi-
cation was an event in American history
as well as in American literature. She
had lived among the horrors and bar-
barism of American slavery. Uncle
Tom's stripes and griefs were real to
her, and she made them her own. Her
brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was early
in the anti-slavery movement, but he
received a good deal of his inspiration
and hatred of the institution from his
talented sister. While the pages of this
novel were flowing from the pen of Mrs.
Stowe from the humble domicile on
Federal street, in Brunswick, the writer
of this, then a mere boy, became ac-
quainted with Mrs. Stowe and her
children, and they will ever remain with
us a precious memory.

Even the casual reader would soon
cease to wonder at the popularity of
"Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the time it
appeared nobody could begin to read it
and lay it down. Deacons of orthodox
churches, who preached that all works
of fiction were of necessity emanations
from the devil, read the book by stealth,
and then gave it to their sons and
daughters, and everywhere it wrought
its work upon the mind and heart, giv-
ing a voice to the slave at the North,
and unfolding to the people of the South
the horrors of a system which they sup-
ported. More than any other agency
during the next ten years "Uncle Tom's
Cabin" produced the changes in public
opinion which brought on our civil war.
The author was not prepared for its suc-
cess, and simply knew that she had been
under the mastery of one mightier than
herself when she wrote it. The work
was the sounding of the death knell to
American slavery, and Mrs. Stowe from
that time stood before the American
people as the prophetess Deborah stood
among the judges of Israel, the one
woman of the nation whose mind and
heart were fired with the power to
arouse a great people to their duty.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been trans-
lated into every principal language of
the globe, and its sound has gone
throughout the world. Several millions,
a number that cannot be estimated, have
been circulated, and it is still read
more eagerly than the most popular
novel of the day.

Fourth of July Accidents.

We give a list of the accidents in differ-
ent parts of the State:

In this city, Horace M. Littlefield of
Chelsea, was thrown from his carriage
at Rockport, by the attending physician.
The truth of course must be told to these
Some one threw a fire cracker at the
horse, and the animal ran. Little-
field, a well known horseman, aged 10 years,
of Hallowell, had a hand badly shattered
by the size of his flag, but he got out
all right. His neighbor put out a
large and handsome Union flag, but
he was bound to beat him. His chil-
dren are great favorites of the neigh-
bors, and to find out the size of the flag,
he sent them on an errand of inquiry.
The truth of course must be told to these
sweet, innocent children, and acting on
the information thus obtained, our or-
ator immediately goes and orders a flag
just six inches wider than that of his
neighbor. And then he shouts over the
triumph!

We can say with great truth and
propriety, that among the many faithful
employees of the State at the Insane Hos-
pital, there are none more faithful than
Mr. Frank Winter, who drives the team
that carries the mail back and forth
from town, beside carrying a great many
people and doing the thousand and one
errands of the institution. He has been
in continuous service for twenty years,
and he never takes a vacation, as
summer never comes to him. Mr.
Winter is a great favorite with the of-
ficers and help, never refusing to do a
favor however much it may trouble or
cause him to go out of his way.

For several years the Rev. Julian
K. Smyth of Boston, assisted by other
ministers of the New Jerusalem Church,
has held services in the Unitarian
church in this city during the summer
months. No attempt has been made to
proselyte, and people of various denom-
inations have found these services spiri-
tually helpful and interesting. Mr.
Smyth is to preach four Sundays, be-
ginning July 12th. His subjects are an-
nounced as: "What Does the New
Church Stand For?" "The Perfect
Standard." "Salvation." "Our Heavenly
Defenders." The services are to be held
in the Unitarian church as before, on
Sunday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Mr.
Smyth preaches in the Universalist
church, Gardiner, in the afternoon.

A busco man, probably the after-
math of the Fourth of July crowd, on
Monday, swindled our people out of
\$51.25, as follows: Mrs. E. C. Leighton,
\$20; Miss C. A. Libby, \$20; Charles B.
Murphy, \$6.25; John Coughlin, \$5; total,
\$51.25. The first named was swindled
by making change for a twenty dollar
bill, the fellow keeping the \$20. He
played different tricks on different peo-
ple. The fellow was arrested by the
Gardiner police, escaped, was recaptured
late Monday night in Augusta, and was
brought before Judge Andrews Tuesday
morning, where, after a preliminary ex-
amination, the matter was postponed
until Saturday, the fellow being com-
mitted to jail. He gives his name as
Harry Saunders of Bangor.

CITY NEWS.

—Dr. J. F. Hill starts this week on a
six weeks' European trip.
—Where were the Capital Guards on
the Fourth?
—Our prosperous national banks have
declared their usual liberal semi-annual
dividends.
—A sign on a fence in the outskirts
of the city reads: "Ord pants for sale at
the result of a severe cold."
—Even the gravestone factories were
decorated on the Fourth.
—From grave to gay,
From lively to severe.
—And didn't the people need the
peaceful rest that Sunday brought! It
was "like the shadow of a great rock in
a weary land."

INCOMPLETENESS.

A BITTER REGRET.

21

HE FOUGHT INDIANS.

and keeping them in sight, while they remained under cover. After consultation between the leaders, it was decided to let every man go it for himself and give the Indians all they bargained for. This meant that every man was to get his arms in shape and then go at them for all he was worth, and never stop fighting until the reds were licked or had run away. Arms rattled as the men adjusted them and knives were jerked to the front of the belts and with a determined look on every man's face the command to trot was obeyed.

proper to say nothing.

And why was she silent? I will tell you—it was because she had read Lamarine. Why does pretty poetry make one false? Well, I don't know, but it speaks of love—and what is love?

"Well," said Clara, "I have not seen him for two years. I suppose he is changed."

"Not more than you," said her mother, casting a loving glance of admiration at her daughter. "You were a little girl when you went away. You are a young lady now."

"Is what I hear true, Clara?"

"Certainly; I was about to write to you. I want you here for the wedding."

"It is impossible!"

"Quite possible and true."

"With whom?"

"With Jack, of course."

"Ah, the scoundrel! There is nothing like a friend to betray one."

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE
DREADFUL FEELING.

Ben says, "I hope in immediate an begins makin
 e v e t' th' landlady, her makin no
 objections as anybody knowned of."
 "Yere's where Ben makes a dead
 wrong play; f'r, 'instead of stickin to 'is
 guns, 'e right off makes a jealous break
 r two, causin a row wi' th' widdar,
 quite natural. Then off goes Ben an
 'scares out t' th' gove'n'm't f'r a scout—
 'bout that time th' U. P. road was
 built, an th' Ogalalla Sioux was makin
 themselves real unpleasant charin round

orn by this groom, but it is not necessary that his should be the same as those worn by the bride." And once more "Men who have grooms should see to it that they do not wear jewelry. It is bad form." One wonders what manner of men they are who must be told this latter item!—Westminster Gazette.

It is said that the first English duke was Edward the Black Prince, who, by his father, Edward III., was created

pierce, who for 30 years had been chief consulting physician of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo.

"I had six babies by untimely births. In the eighth month of my seventh pregnancy, as usual, I was taken ill. The family doctor called. He said there was no help for me. The baby must be born, he cried excitedly. I persuaded my husband, against the physician's advice, to get me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Four doses quieted my pains. That child was born at full time. I am now twenty-one, and I am the happiest mother in the world."

(Mrs.) *Belle Dement*
Iroquois, Ill.

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